

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

Brother Barbee Has a Good Word For the Farmers' Alliance People.

Editor Blue-Grass Blade:

I have been reading of late in our various party papers editorials, communications, etc., on platforms broad and platforms narrow, Farmers' Alliances, Pro-Fusions and Anti-Fusions. In my opinion much has been said that had best been left unsaid. I can see no more necessity for fusions now than in August, 1872, when "Prohibitionists," "Home Protectionists," "People's Party," etc., made a fusion. This fusion brought together the extremes as well as the means (mathematical, not financial), and out of this political hotch-potch have grown bickerings and intestine strife. I see no good sense in making war upon the farmers, or the Farmers' Alliance. We can differ with some of their extreme ideas, and what appears to many of us as impracticable methods, without indulging in bitter personalities and sharp criticisms. Whatever else may be said about and against our farming classes, there is one thing certain, as a class they are honest and sincere, and in my opinion constitute the conserving forces in our government. We want the farmer to see that there is in existence now a political party, and the only political party that will give any permanent relief to the down-trodden and oppressed masses, and that party is the Prohibition party.

Reform has grown to be a mighty big word of late. In fact every eccentric notion thrown off from the centrifugal forces of society, religion and politics, now days, is denominated "reform."

What, in my opinion, we need in Kentucky, and the nation is a party with enough conservatism and common sense in its platform to commend it to the every day thinking man. Whether it be a virtue, or a vice, it is none the less true, that the American people are not going hastily, to make any radical changes in our government, whether they be administrative or legislative, and the great stumbling blocks of all so-called reforms have been their ultraism. While I might as an individual be very favorably inclined to support some, or all of these ultra political ideas, yet common sense, and a practical knowledge of political conditions suggest to me that I would be engaged in a decidedly up hill business to try to induce a majority of the voters of this country to see likewise. As a farmer and horticulturist I have learned by actual experience, that in all tree growth a pruning is sometimes as essential to the life of a tree, as a sack of fertilizer, and I want to suggest to the Prohibitors of Kentucky, if, when you come together again in State Convention, you will use a political knife on your platform, cut out the gush and extreme notions, and in their stead, cultivate with more energy and sincerity, the practical reforms advocated by the Farmer's Alliance people, there will be no necessity for another new party in Kentucky.

I have by invitation, been attending and addressing of late some of these Alliance gatherings, and I rejoice at the independence of thought expressed. The farmers as a class are our friends, and I want to conclude as I began, there is no good sense in insulting and driving from us those who are growing sufficiently independent to give us a listening ear.

We can, at least, treat them courteously and be patient with them while they are passing through the same embryonic period from which many of us have not yet fully emerged. Non-partisanship. I believe if the views herein expressed meet with the hearty concurrence of a majority of the Prohibitionists in the next State Convention assembled, and we will come together in the spirit of RECONCILIATION determining to wipe out this intestine strife that is consuming us, we will sooner or later march forward to a glorious victory in the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

JAS. T. BARBEE.
Glasgow, Ky., Dec. 25, 1890.

The Buzzard, The Key to Aerial Navigation.

Next to my information on theology I regard as most important my knowledge of the buzzard.

An Illinois company lately incorporated, with a capital stock of \$20,000,000, for the purpose of building air ships, affords me a long desired opportunity of ventilating my knowledge of the buzzard.

Had the Congress that adopted the eagle as the American emblem, been less plagiary to the effete governments of Europe, and more scientific, the buzzard, instead of the eagle, would have spread his wings upon American banners and upon "the dollar of the daddies," or the daddy of the dollars, as it always seemed to me, would be a better expression.

In matters of diet these two birds are equally untidy, and while the buzzard makes himself a useful citizen, the eagle kills lambs and pigs without warrant of law. When it comes to "soaring," as a trope for college boys on commencement occasions, the buzzard can lay it over the eagle two to one, and get so much higher than Gilroy's kite, or any thing that an eagle can do, that it would make an eagle's head swim to get there.

I am satisfied that in the soaring flight of the buzzard as the best and most familiar instance of soaring birds, there lies a secret which men, from Icarus to this Illinois company, have so far sought in vain, and which when known, as I believe in this age of progress it is daily liable to be, will not only make aerial navigation practicable, but will make it possible for the belles and beaux of some near age to pirouette through the sunset in gay flying gowns and knickerbockers, and bathe their silken plumage in the setting sun, with all the safety, and inexpressible greater pleasure, than our park habits now have on the square tailed cobs of English affectation.

In all of my questionings of scientists upon this subject, I have only come across one man who had ever noticed the phenomenon of the buzzard, and speculated as to the practical conclusions deducible therefrom. He was Mr. B. F. Williams, a gentleman of independent and original thinking capacity in this city.

Many of the older citizens here may recollect my kinsman, Maj. Tom Moore, who was Provost Marshal of this city during the war.

He was eccentric and witty, and had but little confidence in the claims of the most advanced science.

I asked him once how he could account for the phenomenon of a buzzard rising from the earth against the laws of gravity, and flying against the wind, without "flapping" his wings.

The Major answered that it was "because of the carbonic acid gas on the stomach of the buzzard."

I once asked Dr. Robert Peter about it, but he would not recognize that there was any unknown phenomenon in the flight of buzzards and other soaring birds, but claimed that they rose from the ground and propelled themselves on the same principle of compression and resistance of air, by the striking with the wings, just as other birds do.

I afterward suggested my ideas to Dr. Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee, and he seemed to think them worthy of investigation, but never reported anything in furtherance of my opinions.

I am not willing to be dogmatic about these suggestions, but I am satisfied that in this phenomenon of the birds soaring, as distinguished from what I think the entirely different principle of flying in the more common way, there is a "working hypothesis" that scientists are not warranted in ignoring.

While the amount and force of muscular action that a crow uses in his flight could not proportionally be equalled by man, the expenditure of physical force made by a buzzard in sailing is no more than a man would use in extending his arms and legs to float upon cork buoys upon the water.

The most cursory observation, it seems to me, must recognize a radical difference in the principles upon which crows and buzzards go through the air.

The crow resists gravity by striking against the air with his wings, the light edges of the feathers acting as valves that close as the wing goes down, and open as it goes up, so that the action and reaction are not equal in the opposite directions.

The propelling force of the wing is only in the small curved part of it, that is, in front, in the act of flying, and which strikes the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, which, as in the fluke of a screw propeller of a ship, is scientifically and practically proven to be the angle of greatest force.

In the soaring flight of the buzzard, however, none of the phenomena in the flight of the crow are discovered.

I have looked squarely down upon the backs of buzzards as they flew past the face of a very high perpendicular cliff, upon the top of which I was, when the buzzard was hundreds of feet above the plain below, and I have seen that the wings of the soaring buzzards were as rigid and motionless, with reference to their bodies, as if they were taxidermied.

In noticing the flight of the buzzard it will be found that he occasionally "flaps" his wings, but the intervals are so long, that taken in connection with the fact that the speed of the buzzard does not decrease up to this flapping, nor increase after it, we may assume that its effect is entirely too small to account for the main phenomenon of its flight.

It would seem that there is thus demonstrated to exist some power the principle of which is as yet absolutely unknown.

The specific gravity of a buzzard is as great, or nearly so, as that of a crow, and there is but little difference in the relative expanse of their wings.

It might be worth while for some aerial navigation enterprise to look into this phenomenon of soaring birds.

What Was the Physical Cause of the Death of Jesus Christ.

BY C. C. P. CLARK, M. D.

This question, the discussion of which has lately been revived in the British Medical Journal (?), and participated in by various other quarters, would seem to have been a puzzle both to the faculties of theology and medical science ever since biblical criticism has had a voice. And yet, if handled with frankness, it would not seem difficult of solution.

In the first place it seems to be admitted on all hands that Jesus did not die from the immediate and natural, or ordinary, effect of his suspension on the cross. This method of punishment was very common among the Romans, Jews, and other nations of antiquity, and it is abundantly substantiated as a fact, in addition to its consistency with the established laws of human endurance, that the subject of it, when of ordinary health and strength, would survive his torture for from two to four or even five days. But Jesus was suspended but about as many hours, or not above six at the most. Accordingly it was that when at the ninth hour, or six o'clock P. M., Pilate was asked for his body, "he marvelled if he were already dead" (Mark xv. 44).

Nevertheless it has been the part, as it has been indeed the necessity, of orthodoxy to hold that when taken down from the cross of Joseph of Arimathea and laid away in the sepulchre (or recess in the rocky hillside), he was as veritably dead as the soldiers who were sent to break the legs of the crucified supposed him to be; and many ingenious explanations have been devised and argued to account for what, to those who stood by, must have been so strange and unexpected.

Without undertaking the task of setting forth and controverting these, and bearing in mind that the death of Jesus is nowhere represented by the evangelist or elsewhere as miraculous, or other than natural, let us examine the gospel narrative with an unprejudiced eye and see what honest inferences may be drawn therefrom.

And let us bear in mind, too, that the accounts there found are not only all that we have from which to make deductions, but that they are, at least, excepting their miraculous or supernatural features of unquestionable credibility in all essential particulars, differences of detail even lending support to the main story; the capture, the trial, the crucifixion, the interment, and the reappearance of Jesus among the living, are facts as assured to my mind as the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. No sufficient reason can be imagined for the invention of any of them, save only the resurrection; and that that really occurred so unexpectedly to all the disciples, the immediate and rapid spread of Christianity thereafter is alone sufficient evidence, since it is impossible to account for it in any other way. It was the "immortality" (believed to be, brought to light through the Gospel) that alone gave that Gospel its enduring and conquering vitality, and is still both its chief support and the great stumbling-block of unbelievers.

What is spoken of by all the evangelists as the "giving up the ghost" by Jesus—it is uncertain how long before he was taken down from the cross—was undoubtedly partial or entire syncope from exhaustion, and perhaps by the desolation that he felt when he found, or thought he found, himself forsaken by his God (Mark xv. 34); or it might be even that he affected a condition of insensibility in order to escape such further cruelties as the supplying his thirst with vinegar.

However this may be, we can well believe that when the soldiers came to finish the barbarous work, by breaking the legs of the victims, they found him in a condition which men even less ignorant, stupid, and careless than they most likely were, would easily and naturally take for actual death. For Jesus, it must be remembered, was already worn nigh to exhaustion with fasting and anxiety, to say nothing of his undoubted highly sensitive organization.

Here we come, in the Gospel according to John (xix. 32-37, and xx. 27) to a plain solution of the whole great mystery. Soldiers were sent by Pilate, at the request of the Jews, to break the legs of Jesus and the two thieves, in order that the ensuing "day of Preparation" might not be desecrated by their still hanging from the cross, and that they might be effectually disabled from escaping death. They practised this horrible feat of cruelty on the companions in misery of Jesus, but when they came to him they found, or supposed that they found, him to be already dead, and accordingly neglected to complete what anatomists know must have been a somewhat difficult job.

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith there came out blood and water."

Now, there is but one part of the human anatomy, it need not be argued, where the thrust of a spear would naturally be followed by such a phenomenon as this, and that is the region of the urinary bladder.

Moreover, while a wound like that would not immediately destroy life, and might even easily permit the sufferer to go or be conveyed about, and show himself from time to time for a few days, it would not, nevertheless, in view of the poor surgery of those times, and of the uncertain care, or even neglect, that a refugee would inevitably suffer, fail before any long time to prove mortal.

This, then, is the true story of the reappearance or resurrection of Jesus after his supposed death on the cross. Removed to the cool tomb by the tender hands of his friends, and placed in a horizontal position, he recovered, probably after some hours, from his state of syncope or collapse, and easily made his way to some selected refuge, leaving behind him the garniture of the grave which Mary, but not Simon Peter took for angels clad in white raiment. Then he lingered out his few remaining days, securely concealed from his enemies, but revealed to we know not how many (in the disagreements of the evangelists) of his most trusted followers.—Medical Record of Nov. 15, 1890.

They Hang the Wrong Men.
Men and brethren, read and consider the following petition against the hanging of Sidney Ware, who while crazed with drink, murders two men, May 1, 1889. It is extensively circulated for signatures throughout Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.

To the honorable members of the Board of Pardon of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Your petitioners herein represent that Sidney Ware has been convicted and condemned to death in the court of Dauphin County, for the murder in the town of Lykers, on the 4th of May, 1889, of Maurice Miller and Frederick Kindler. We respectfully pray for the pardon of said Ware, for the following reasons:

1. He was violently insane from drinking a poisonous liquid, furnished without cost to him, by and in the house of August Braner, whose permit or license was not revoked after the murder.

2. The Judges of Dauphin County had given to the said August Braner, for and in consideration of \$150, a permit to furnish the said Ware and others the poison which rendered him insane.

3. The legislators of the Commonwealth enacted the law permitting the judges to permit the said August Braner to furnish the said Ware and others the poisonous liquid.

4. A majority of the male citizens of the Commonwealth voted for and elected these law-makers knowing that they favored a law permitting the judges to sell a permit to the said August Braner to furnish Ware and others with the poisonous liquid, which they knew produces temporary insanity.

5. All of these men had guilty knowledge of the possibility and even probability of the criminal results of the several parts enacted. This knowledge had come to them through a reproduction by the public press, public speakers, and the printed page of the fact that the furnishing as beverage of said poisonous liquid under terms of law produces yearly in Pennsylvania many thousands of unnatural deaths; many of these being murders and suicides. These facts are taken from statistics of criminal records; are sworn to by public officers, and have been published broadcast for many years.

6. Your petitioners desire to emphasize the fact that neither August Braner who furnished the poisonous liquid to Ware; nor the judges who sold him the permit to do so, nor the legislators who enacted the law; nor the citizens who voted for them, have been apprehended, indicted, or tried, though clearly every one of them was a mediate or immediate participant in this crime.

We submit 1st. That to hang Sidney Ware under all of the circumstances, will be in conflict with the principles of common law, which is older and more sacred than any mere statutory enactment.

2. It will be a clear case of inequity, and a travesty on the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

3. It will jeopardize the public weal through the inevitable retroactive course that comes soon or late, to all aggregations of individuals, practising the injustice of punishing the insane individual agent in crime for the wrong doing, of which they themselves were clearly the aiders and abettors.

We therefore humbly pray that Sidney Ware be granted by your honorable body unconditional pardon and immediate liberation from prison, and your petitioners will ever pray, &c. What a ponderous and crushing therefore! No anti-Prohibitionist will dare answer.

L. A. CUTLER.

Form of Request.
I give and bequeath to the Prohibition Trust Fund association, organized under the laws of the state of New York, and having its office in the city, county and state of New York, for its use in harmony with the object of its organization as set forth in its certificate of incorporation. And I hereby instruct my executors to carry out the provisions of this bequest at the earliest practicable date.

The above is a form of bequest that may be used by Prohibitionists who may desire to remember and aid this reform in their wills.

The above named association is composed of well known Prohibitionists, the following being the officers:

President, Professor Samuel Dickie; vice president, Hon. John P. St. John; secretary, J. Lloyd Thomas; treasurer, William T. Wardwell; counsel, Hon. W. Jay Groo.

Send to Secretary John Lloyd Thomas, 32 East Fourteenth street, New York, for full information. Do not neglect this important matter.

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More Cutlery for the Blade.

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DEAR MOORE:—I enclose you another dollar. My subscription can now run on for a year, unless I should move to your city and help you in your fight against what Lord Randolph Churchill truly calls "the destructive, devilish liquor traffic," for it is the prolific cause of crime, disease, pauperism and insanity. Stamp with your strongest condemnation the license system, high or low. The greatest curse of the country is the liquor traffic, producing sorrow, suffering and starvation. Laws in favor of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, protect and encourage this crime producing traffic; hence many, if not all the drunkards, are made drunkards by law. License means legalized lawlessness, and an incalculable loss to labor; while Prohibition means good government and prosperity. To license the cause of crime is satanic, and our vote is the standard of our morals on the question. If the people so will it, the saloon can be destroyed.

To sanction the iniquitous liquor traffic, is to sanction crime and treason. Then outlaw the bars and grog-shops by your ballots, and let no man who calls himself a gentleman, be guilty of complicity with this crime.

The Minnesota platform of the Democratic party contains this plank: "The traditions of the Democratic party being in favor of personal liberty, therefore, be it resolved, that the party is opposed to all class and sumptuary legislation."

The Nebraska platform: "We denounce Prohibition, and regard the attempt of the Prohibition party to force sumptuary laws on this State as dangerous to the liberty of the citizens, and hostile to the welfare of the people."

I cannot vote with the Democratic party. It upholds licenses and protects the diabolical liquor traffic, and therefore, as a Christian, I am opposed to the Democratic party.

The Republican party? How does it stand? Read.

John Sherman: "No matter how much stir the Prohibitionists make, if our party take up their cause, we may as well hang up the fiddle and the bow."

Albany, (N. Y.) Express: "The sooner our Prohibition friends become convinced that the Republican party as an organization, does not favor the enactment of Prohibition laws, the sooner they will arrive at the exact truth."

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: "It is vain to say that the Republican party must and shall become a Prohibition party. It must and shall do no such thing. Those who are in it simply to make it so, might as well go, once, for they will not succeed."

New York Tribune: "If the Republicans of the Legislature want to reduce the Prohibition vote in New York next fall by a figure that would have given the State to Blaine twenty times over in 1884, they should pass a high license bill, and do it promptly."

I am opposed to license, high or low, and am therefore opposed to the Republican party.

The Prohibition party proposes to outlaw the traffic and annihilate it by enforced law. If it be right for a Christian to take any part in human governments, then I, as a Christian, am compelled to vote with the Prohibition party. I voted for St. John in 1884, for Fisk and Brooks in 1888, and shall vote the Prohibition ticket in 1892. If Christians vote as they pray, we ought to elect a Prohibition President in 1892.

My vote shall never sustain the liquor traffic, nor any political party that upholds the infernal business. That business is an enemy of my country, and I shall not be a traitor. That business is an enemy of my home, and I shall not be false to my marriage vows. That business is an enemy to the school, and I shall not encourage ignorance. That business is an enemy to Christianity, and I shall not sanction infidelity and the degradation of my fellowman. On with the fight! Keep on this war with ballots, for God, and home and native land. Such a ballot is never cast away. It is the only one that does count. "Not lightly fall beyond recall."

The written scrolls a breath may float.
The kingliest act, the crowning fact
Of freedom, is the freeman's vote."

L. A. CUTLER.

A Good Word for the Blade.
The following is from "The Worker," a Prohibition paper edited by Rev. R. B. Neal. I take sixty newspapers, and I believe

that "The Worker" is the biggest paper of its size in the United States.

Rev. Neal used to be a member of my Sunday School class. Brethren, quit picking at Moore and his "Blade." If you were after a mad dog to kill it to protect your family from the dangers of its bite, you would not be so particular as to who joined in the chase to help kill the dog, would you? You, we are trying to kill the vile saloon system, far worse than a dozen license insane cases in a community. Here comes Moore with his Blade, sharp on the edge, keen at the point, blunt on its back, striking right and left, cutting with its edge, bruising with its back, and thrusting our worst opponents, the corrupt law-makers, clean through with his point. Let him alone, don't peep out. Turn him loose with a big financial backing. We need his aid like a fellow needs a pistol in Texas, when he needs one. If at times you see things you don't like, do as you do when you eat fish—lay the bones on the side of your plate. You are not obliged to eat them (Rah for Moore).

Another From Bro. Zimmerman.
COLUMBUS, Ky., Dec. 30, '90.

BRO. MOORE:—As there are so many sorts of people in the world, and no two alike, it is not necessary that I should say to you that am competent to write anything worthy of publication, I mean fit for publication as regards composition, etc. Now, as you say, I am nearly 70 years old, drink no whisky, nor never did except fixed up in bitters, and not that way in several years. I use no tobacco, eat about the same amount every meal, weigh 240 lbs., six feet high, have a wife much smaller than I, and 16 years younger, with eyes about as old as mine. When you have time you may read on the other side.

Now, I will give you my reason for writing, that it is to ask you to put what I have written on the large sheet in proper shape and add to it something that will be of benefit to the cause of Prohibition as coming from me, not that I am for anything except the promotion of the cause of Prohibition by so doing, for I am anxious to see some great change for the cause before I pass away.

Please send several specimen copies of the Blade and I will use them (in my judgment) to the best advantage. Let that grand decision of the high court come along. Yours, D. ZIMMERMAN.

The Prohibition State Convention.
Committeeman Rucker, of Georgetown, asks that State Chairman Harris, shall call a Convention of the Prohibition Party of the State, sometime early in February.

He wants the Chairman to have personal correspondence with representative men in every district, and get their promises to be present before the day for the Convention is set.

Prof. Rucker is indifferent as to whether the meeting is here or at Louisville.

Please let The Blade hear from you Mr. Chairman.

The First Money for Brother Barnes' Pink Cottage Here.

Dr. S. S. Johnson, a wealthy dentist of this city, says he will give \$100, and more if necessary, to build the "Pink Cottage" for Rev. George O. Barnes, here, as The Blade lately proposed.

Pass it around brethren of the quill and let's hear what the people have to say about it.

"Keep the Ball Rolling."

ARLINGTON, Ky., Dec. 30, '90.

Mr. Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.—Please find enclosed check on Cairo for two dollars to pay for the Blade. I have sent Judge E. S. Ray, Eureka Springs, Ark., the Blade of the 13th inst., in which you published my card, "that he will be sure to take your paper that Arkansas people may know what a wide-awake man is doing in Kentucky. Yours for the good work. Keep the ball rolling. C. R. PILE.

A Letter From a 70-Year Old Man.

COLUMBUS, Ky., Dec. 30, '90.

DEAR SIR:—Find enclosed, check on Bank of Columbus for \$12.50 to be applied as follows: \$2 for a year's subscription for the best Prohibition paper published: taking all the nearest and best, and quickest routes to get there, which of course, takes in Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Holloway, of the Con. Con., with his sweet tongue flattery said in his speech while discussing the ballot question, "The magic of a fair woman's smile, a flash of her beautiful eye, is like the bugle horn of Roderick Dhu, and will at

any time command the devoted services of a thousand men." Yes, and if the good women were granted the privilege of suffrage they would bring into line the Hon. Holloway and make him a better Prohibitionist together with all other good men. \$10 is for stock in the Blade; 50 cents is for your Rational View, without thanks. I will also give 50 cents a month as &c.

Yours truly,
D. ZIMMERMAN.
Box 71, Columbus, Ky.

P. S.—The "50 cents a month" is probably for the State Executive Committee. Please notify Honorable Josiah Harris, Paducah, Ky. EDITOR.

A Democratic Paper Has a Good Word for the Blade.

DEAR BLADE.
We certainly do not want as candidate for Governor, a man who does not take the State Prohibition organ.

Gen. Smith is the very man we want, but what if he goes to Washington, D. C., as announced? I sent copies of The Blade to a prominent Hardin county lawyer—a Democrat. Here is what he says about you in the Hodgeville Herald (Democrat).

"We are indebted to our friend, 'Pigmy,' for copies of The Blue Grass Blade, which we have read with more than ordinary interest. The Blade cuts with a keen edge, laying bare the inconsistencies of church members on the whisky question, and lifting high the Prohibition banner. However diverse opinions may be as to the editor's notions of churches and preachers, there can be but one opinion as to the pungency and breeziness with which he expresses his thoughts."

Your Prohibition friend,
D. J. Thomas.
Buffalo, Ky.

Dear Brother.—The Blades are sent to Washington, D. C. and to Elizabethtown, Ky., as you direct. Also the sample package to you with my thanks, and blessing, and good wishes for a "happy New Year."—EDITOR.

Push Literature.
From a letter recently received by Secretary Thomas, of the national Prohibition committee, we quote the following: "One night while sitting in the barbers shop my eyes fell on a tract headed 'Reasons.' After reading it my interest was aroused to such an extent that I felt prompted to read more about Prohibition. I closed find ten cents. Send me 100 Reasons assorted."

Who knows? Perhaps these tracts may make a dozen votes for Prohibition.

Send five cents to 32 East Fourteenth street, New York, for a sample set.

Father Matthew.
Bring forth today the yellow scroll of fame,
And 'mid the light and the purest there
You'll find inscribed the great, yet simple name
Of him whose flag is planted everywhere—
That name, whose banner waves along
With love and reverence, from tongue to tongue.

It comes to us today, while memories sweet
Float softly round us, like the scent of flowers.
We see a nation kneeling at his feet,
While like a baffled fiend Insouciance cowers,
Struck to the earth, by his whose gentle hand
Brought peace and happiness unto the land.

In Ireland's heart his name forever lies,
To wake her children to a better life;
It shines amidst the storm clouds of her skies,
And in her darkest hour of woe and strife
Points to a brighter time that is to be
When "Ireland's soul shall be Ireland free"

Hero and priest, we seem to hear thee call
Along the misty length of fading years;
Dost thou come back again, unfettered soul?
To stir our hearts and send our rising fears
Dost thou come back again, a spirit bright?
To win thy people to the path of right?

Or hast thou ever gone? Is not thy life
Closely entwined with all that is pure and fair?
And where the drink devil reigns in sin and strife
In weary haunts of poverty and care,
Can we not hear thy voice, brave, sweet and strong,
Upholding Temperance and denouncing wrong?

Thou art not dead, for thy influence
Lives in the world, as full of power today
As when thy voice, with all its eloquence,
Rang like a clarion over the world's wide way,
Winning the sinner from the drink devil's snare,
To the path of Temperance, bright and fair.

Oh voice of wondrous power, whose music rang,
Across the world with all its woe and crime;
Gave voice, to our dear father who sang
Around the long, dim corridors of time,
Stealing into the ages yet unborn,
To bless, to cheer, to strengthen and to warn!

And so that voice will speak, until the fight
Thou didn't begin is ended—till our lands
Are pure and soon, God of love and light,
Grant that the work be fruitful; let our hands
Finish the battle, till his flag unfurled
Dost wave triumphant o'er a better world!

—Maggie Magdon Foster.

A THREAT OF MORAL DECAY.
A Democratic Organ Honestly Confesses
Old Part, Wrong Doing.

Even the exposure of Quay's embezzlements, of Delley's "bloody-five" corruption and of Delamater's scandalous misconduct has awakened no sense of shame or reformation in the minds of the great majority of otherwise honest men in their party.

And there is unhappily no good ground for believing that the case would have been very different in the other party if the embezzled men had been Democrats instead of Republican leaders.

The desire for party success seems to blunt the consciences of men almost beyond belief. Without quite sanctioning rascality and corruption the majority are disposed to wink at them. With a gentle regret that such things are done by party agents and a passive wish that the offenders were not the candidates or the accepted leaders of the party, the majority of men go on voting the party ticket, no matter who the candidates may be, thus encouraging rascality by giving it the reward it desires, and depriving the party of all incentive to enforce integrity upon its agents.

The growth of this indifference to moral consideration in politics is a threat of moral decay in the republic. It is a fact which no honest mind can contemplate without foreboding.—New York World.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

To This "The Way Out" for Destitute Britain and America?
Gen. Booth's book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," contains 300 pages devoted to a prodigious scheme for the relief of poverty, ignorance and vice, in what the author calls "the submerged tenth of the population." He proposes to found a city colony for the hungry and homeless of the metropolis, who will be given a work in labor, such as factories, chopping wood, making mats, sewing machines, etc. In this connection will be organized the "household salvage brigade," which will collect enough victuals, old clothes, newspapers, etc., to support the refugees and factories of the city colony.

The second feature is a farm colony, to be recruited from the city colony, when the members will again use the London "salvage brigade" and be sent to support. Immense pigsties will be established, and the pigs will supply brush and bacon for the colony. There will also be second hand clothes and book establishments, employing an army of editors and compositors. Each man will build his own bar, for charity, and no saloons will be permitted.

Finally Gen. Booth proposes to found a foreign colony, recruited from the other two. A tract of land will be taken in South Africa and the best workers from England sent there, but obliged to repay the cost of their transportation by their future labor. Gen. Booth wants \$1,000,000 to run the scheme in operation, and appeals to the charitable to help him.

The Daily Telegraph says that it hopes that Gen. Booth's scheme will have a good start and meet with fair play. It adds: "Charles preached in vain forty-five years ago. Perhaps at length the hour has come and the man."

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

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Three Insertions.	.15	.15	.15
Two Insertions.	.10	.10	.10
Single Insertion.	.05	.05	.05

A Good Newspaper for Anti-Prohibition Baptists.

On the list of my exchanges is a newspaper that I would recommend to those Baptists who are opposed to Prohibition, to be read in connection with the "Baptist Recorder," for instance. It is the "Champion," of Chicago.

It quotes scripture as its authority.

In the heading of the paper it claims to be the "National Representative of the Beer, Wine and Spirit Trade." The word "Spirit" is easily adjustable to the preferences of the people who read the paper. Saloon keepers and distillers can construe it to allude to whisky, brandy and rum, while Baptists who vote against Prohibition, can, without any violence to the tone of the paper, construe it to mean the Holy Spirit. It is filled with religious authorities and quotations from the scriptures, and General John Atherton, an alumnus of the Georgetown Baptist College, son-in-law of a prominent Baptist authority, a distiller, and President of the Liquor Protective Association of America, would highly recommend the "Champion."

This valuable paper prints a scriptural motto at its head. It is, "wine that maketh glad the heart of man. Psalms 104:15." It has lately published an article as long as The Blade's "birthday" piece, to show that all the good men of the earth had been pretty free drinkers of spirits. In this list it began with Noah, included Jesus Christ, and came on down as near to date as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, but omitted our distinguished contemporaries, probably fearing that some of the boys might "come around with a shot gun."

I am a pretty good Prohibitionist myself, and possibly have not as much sympathy for drunkards as I ought to have, but I am going to be consistent and I am going to defend Noah just like I did Col. Ingersoll, when I think the people are getting to be too hard on him.

Every time any little upstart of a Kentucky editor wants to appear high moral, and is to big a coward to say that nearly every man that represents him at Washington or Frankfort is a drunkard, he has to jump on Noah. The man is dead and buried long ago. He has relatives all over the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. He never was a candidate for office. There is no record that he ever was in a saloon or that he ever drank a glass of beer or Kentucky whisky in his life.

While as an editor I do not think it is morally wrong to go to a circus when I have a complimentary ticket, it is a fact that many good people do object to the circus, but I have never heard of any sensible man that objected to the menagerie.

The greatest sacrifice for his religion that I have ever known any modern Kentucky minister to make, was made by my dear personal and literary friend, Rev. J. B. McGinn, of Versailles, upon whom my mantle descended when I "went up."

I saw him stand in the menagerie part of a big show and look in at the circus without going in. It takes a thoroughbred Christian with a great deal of spirituality to do that.

Well, Noah did a great deal more for the menagerie business than any body else ever did, Barnum not excepted.

My dear old friend, Judge Stevenson from Georgetown, has, for conscience sake, been on the weak side of more political issues than any man in Kentucky, and I love him for it. A man with that kind

of a conscience is, of course, a regular, fire-eating Prohibitionist. He writes to me in his gentle Christian spirit and tells me that he is afraid I will hurt the feelings of too many people by my reckless and indiscriminate way of firing off whole broadsides of facts without warning anybody to get out of the way. It may be my weakness, and I will just now serve notice on the press of America, civil or ecclesiastic, that the first man that jumps on Noah again, will get the very best there is in my shop.

Noah got drunk I will admit. But he was a sailor and had just come into port off of a long voyage. He didn't try to smooth it over by calling it "intoxicated." He didn't get into the police court and get fined \$1. for it, as one of our college professors lately did, who was a little too previous in observing New Year's day.

Noah, like myself, had a versatility of genius. He was a preacher, a sailor, the proprietor of the best menagerie that ever was on the road, and he was a farmer, and made wine, and didn't vote with the Alliance people.

He was the most faithful preacher that ever lived. He preached for a hundred and twenty years from one text, never made a convert, and never got a nickel, or even a pair of slippers or a dressing gown at Christmas.

Think of it, ye degenerate preachers of the gospel of the new and better religion! One hundred and twenty long hot summers with out a single vacation to Palestine, Europe or even to "Old Po n!"

One hundred and twenty Christmases without a gold watch, or a gold headed cane or a barrel of flour in your stocking!

One hundred and twenty years of recurrences of birthdays, and wooden weddings, tin weddings, silver weddings, gold weddings, diamond weddings and not as much as a tin cup at all of them! You call Gladstone the "grand old man" for what he has done for religion in his short, evanescent, butterfly existence. But think of old Brother Noah whose letters never came addressed to "Rev. Dr. Noah," as even mine do sometimes when the wicked want to throw up by-gones to me—preaching every Sunday for a hundred and twenty years, holding camp meetings wherever anybody wanted him, and peering away at that old boat through the week; while the boys of a half dozen generations passed by and gazed at the old gentleman by asking him if he thought he was going to rain.

And yet after all the old fellow downed the whole of them, by showing that he was right, and every body else wrong, as no preacher ever did before, or since.

You may say that that little spree he got on is calculated to damage his standing in the Prohibition party, but no man has ever said that in the final outcome of the conflict between the "wets," and the "drys." Noah did not come out on top.

As for that little episode that Noah had, when he slipped up on grape juice, I know from personal experience exactly how it happened. I have been there.

I have a neighbor who is as good a citizen as lives in Dog Fennell. He is a Methodist, and a good friend to The Blade.

He has one of the finest farms in the county, lots of bank stock, a handsome wife and pretty daughter, and no poor kin. He is a college bred man, of easy but dignified manners.

My wife and I had been scattered around from here to California, and had finally had an opportunity of doing the elegant thing by calling on him and his family, and not a long time after on a beautiful day pretty late in the Fall, the gentleman rode up on horseback to my very plain home to return the call.

Of course the occasion was one upon which I should have been dignified, and I was quite so. This was twelve years ago.

The summer before that I had a boss lot of grapes. They were regular daisies. What we could eat didn't make any impression on them. I didn't want to waste them, and I asked my wife how to make wine. Her father was a farmer, had a great big vineyard and made the finest wine ever made in the State, and she told me how to make it.

I had a lot of big new wash tubs, and a nice new wine press, and I set them out on the grass in my little front yard at "Quakerware."

I would pile them just as full as they could hold of great big, luscious bunches of ripe grapes. Then I rolled out a barrel of granulated white sugar, knocked the head out and stuck a new half gallon tin cup in the sugar.

Then I rolled my shirt sleeves up to my shoulders, went around to the pump with soap and towel, and came back with hands and arms that I thought were certainly as clean as the feet of the men that tramp out the champagne grapes in Switzerland.

Then the fun began. I turned

the mill and my wife and children fed in the grapes.

The prettiest wine you ever saw, ran out in a stream almost as big as that of an average pump. I sampled it with the big tin cup. It was just royal. As harmless as right new cider, but the best tasted thing I ever swallowed.

I drank it without sugar and with sugar in all conceivable proportions, and every body on the place, old and young, white and black, had just as much of it as they wanted to swallow.

Until that time I suppose that in all my life before I had never drunk more than a gallon of wine.

I got it all nicely made and stored it away in the cellar.

It wasn't very long before I wanted to see if it was getting to be sure enough wine, and I went and got a nice hemp stalk, and stuck an end of it through the bung hole, and the other in my mouth.

I went to work at some other job, but I noticed every day the disposition in me to watch with great accuracy the transition from grape juice to wine.

I discovered after a few weeks that I could not suck at that hemp stalk just as long as I wanted to, without a disposition to get out into the field as soon as practicable lest my wife and children might notice something peculiar in my walk.

It was beginning to get along to that stage when I felt that I could not fool myself much longer, by calling it grape juice, when my new neighbor rode up as I have said.

I was pretty hot and thirsty when he got there, and he was about the same.

I told him about the "grape juice" I had been drinking. I filled a pitcher about half full of ice and then went down in the cellar and filled it brim full of wine, and my wife brought in some cake.

She had drunk grape juice at her father's until it was no rarity to her, and she had not tasted it for weeks, and didn't taste it at the time we were speaking of.

My new neighbor liked it. We didn't fool away any time on wine glasses; there was not such a thing as a wine glass on the place. We had my wife's best tumblers—these little straight up and down fellows, about as thick as an egg shell, with a little vine around the top, and holding more, for their looks, than anything on earth.

My neighbor drank his down, and looked like he was sorry to see the bottom of the tumbler, but he started to set it on a pier table, in the most approved and temperate style.

I told him it was nothing but grape juice with ice melted in it, and that he could drink it just like water, with impunity, and I filled up again for both of us.

Before I got to the middle of the second glass I felt very peculiar, but by no means disagreeable, sensations about my head; but I knew it was nothing like inebriety, because I noticed that my end of the conversation was thoroughly dignified and that my neighbor, so far from falling into any undue levity, was, like myself, rather inclined to shake off into moralizations, and observations of the generalizations of the transmutations of social gradations.

I knew that ordinarily my reputation was among my neighbors that I was combative and inclined to logomachy. But I felt now for the first time in my life I had a neighbor that saw and understood anything and everything just like I did, and I just felt like I had a regular treasure, and he evidently felt the same way.

I felt peculiar but I was not going to admit that I was under the influence of an intoxicating stimulant, the first time my neighbor ever called to see me, and purely for the purpose of showing him that I was not in a fix of that kind, and I filled up his glass and mine the third time, and we began on them.

We got away beyond the Damon and Pythias congruuality, and were getting stuck together in a kind of a Siamese twin arrangement so tight—the word *tight* is not used in any jocular sense—that it began to look like the difficulty was going to be to get ourselves separated before my wife would come in again and take in the situation.

My neighbor had an expression on his face that looked like that fellow in the "Black Crook" that says, "I want to go home."

I wished to God that he would go home, and wound up the discussion that I was on with a full stop, so that any man of any sense could have seen that there never was a better time for a caller to get up and go home. But he sat there like a fool and wouldn't go home nor talk either.

I knew it would not do for me not to talk, because it would not only be embarrassing ordinarily, but I would go to sleep if I didn't talk.

So I started another subject. I noticed that I did not talk with my

usual punctilious accuracy as to facts, and that I got some of my personal experiences mixed up with ancient history. That is, I had a sort of vague impression that I was doing this, but came to the conclusion that I must be mistaken about it, because my new neighbor did not seem to discover the least inconsistency in my remarks.

I finally rounded to, and hitched to as full a period as you ever heard, so that an educated pig could have understood that there was not another word that could be said under that head.

But my neighbor sat back in a big arm chair with a far away look out of his eyes, and seemed to be waiting for me to wind up and run down again.

Then I began to get mad, and came mighty near saying to him "Why in the devil don't you go home, if you want to go?"

I didn't say it however, but did tell him as plainly as any man could do, that I had a piece of fence a mile from the house, that I had to fix that evening to keep some cattle out of a corn field. But he looked like the word *had* was not in his bright lexicon, and didn't budge.

By this time he had been there five hours, and had not said six words in two hours.

I said to myself, "I'll be dogged if I don't set up with you old fellow," and I shut up like a clam and never said a word for a half hour.

At the end of that time he got up, and taking pains to walk straight toward the door, said I must come over and bring my wife and children. I told him I would, and that he must come over, and bring his wife and daughter, and stay longer next time.

He led his horse to a high stump, and seemed to be getting up on him on the installment plan, when I last saw him, as I got over a hill in a great hurry to see some sheep I had on a part of my premises that was a mile away, and I went a kiting too to keep my wife from calling me back.

A few days after that I met my neighbor again.

He smiled but looked somewhat embarrassed. He said "That *grape juice* of yours affected me some what, and I feel like I owe you an apology for unduly protracting my call. I had to go to bed when I got home."

I told him I knew exactly how to sympathize with him, and that I hoped he had not noticed any *brusquerie* in my deportment.

Then we both laughed, and each of us tried to circulate his version of the story among the neighbors before the other one did.

Ever since then I have had a great deal of sympathy for Noah, because he was just sick of the sight of water, and when he landed and got to talking with his new neighbors, he just slipped up on grape juice and took more of it than he intended to do.

What I started out to say, however, was that the Rev. Dr. W. M. Lawrence of the Baptist church, had delivered a sermon against Prohibition in a big church at Chicago.

He took the position that it was unchristian for any man to be a Prohibitionist.

I have some Baptist friends who say they think Prohibition is right, but they always vote against it.

Its mighty hard for me to keep friends with that sort of people.

If a man like Bro. Lawrence says he thinks Prohibition is a bad, unchristian thing, and then votes against it, while I can neither respect his brains or his sincerity, I can at least admire his consistency. But the man in good standing in any Baptist church, who says Prohibition is a good thing, and then votes for Democracy, has nothing in his politics or religion that I can admire or respect; and I would rather, so far as my personal esteem and the good of the Prohibition party is concerned, that he would subscribe for the whisky paper and get posted on the religious, Bible argument against Prohibition, and talk against it when he votes against it.

We already have to many people that are doing the Elud and Eglon act.

We let them get close to us by calling us Brother, and saying that Prohibition is a good thing, and when they meet us at the polls they stab us "under the fifth rib."

My opinion of the Rev. Dr. Lawrence is that he is a liar.

In speaking of the persecutions to which he had been subjected, by the Prohibitionists in Chicago, he says: "My own children some years ago came rushing to me with white faces and tearful eyes exclaiming, 'O papa! a woman up on the street stopped us, and told us to come home and tell you that you ought not to be a christian minister, because you vote with the Republican party, and not with the Prohibition party.'"

By what right may any one speak to my children, or any one

else's, as that lady addressed my family? How can they reconcile such conduct with a Christian character?"

If it be true that our Prohibition women in Chicago are intimidating and but-losing ministers of the gospel, so that they are afraid to vote their sentiments, it is very wrong and is calculated to injure the Prohibition party, and if my cousin Carter Harrison were Mayor up there now, I would write to him and ask him to call out the police and have the outrage stopped; but this thing of a Chicago girl turning pale and shedding tears over a matter of that kind, or over anything else but a depression in the pork market, is too fishy for a man who has been fooling around newspapers as long as I have.

Brother Winslow Talks Like He had been having too much Christmas

C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed I send you a list of Carroll County Prohibitionists and also a list of "non-Prohibitionists" for sample copies of the Blade. I have been intending to send you these names for quite a while, and your notice last week concerning sample copies stirred me up to the point. The last named list is composed of the names of gentlemen who know a good thing when they see it, and I hope you may be able to secure quite a number of subscribers from the two.

Say, I do wish you could be convinced that you have been "sneaked in" by Woman's Suffrage, as well by the Farmer's Alliance. I was not convinced of it until since the Louisville Conference, but I am now fully persuaded that it is a hindrance to our party, and should be removed from our platform. This is the only reason that I now oppose it, and it is not because I am really opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

Suppose you count up the number of men who have joined our party solely because of the Suffrage plank, and then count up the number of men who have left the party for that reason (to say nothing of those who have been kept from joining it), and see on which side the balance falls.

One of the great points urged in favor of Woman's Suffrage is, that if we can get for the women the privilege of voting, we will very soon be able to carry Prohibition, but in this fact is lost sight of that the women cannot vote now, and this privilege can only be given them by the men, and it is not at all likely that they will do this very soon.

The Prohibition party is an excellent thing for the Woman's Suffragists, but the latter is a very poor thing for the former, and as I joined the Prohibition party for the sake of Prohibition, I hate to see it hampered by anything else.

Wishing you a happy New Year, and also a prosperous one, I am, Very truly yours, G. B. Winslow.

Dear Brother,

Soak your head, drink some sweet milk, sober up and try it again.—Ed.

An Ex-Saloon Keeper, Now a Minister, Backs the Blade.

Rock Dale, Ky., Jan., 3, '91.

MR. CHAS. C. MOORE, Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR:—Please to find enclosed check for \$2.50, \$2 to pay for my subscription for one year, and the remainder to pay for the paper sent to W. K. Rollin, up to date, whose paper you will please to stop. I live in the County of Owen, where we have had Local Option since 1884, the year I came here. I live between two distillers or "Home Breakers." One belongs to R. H. Risk, and the other to N. W. Lee, father to A. W. Lee, present Judge of Owen. The first named has ruined more boys than any place of its kind I have ever noticed, notwithstanding I have sold liquor for four years, two years in New York, and two in Ohio. I see young men between 15 and 20 years of age, go there sober and come back very, very drunk.

These young men are very quiet when sober, but like wild Indians when full of "Personal Liberty." They come by my house on Saturday nights howling like "High License," and shoot off their pistols like Ye editor does his pen without fear of any one. Yet these boys' fathers are in favor of "putting down whisky" when one wants to, claiming a man has a right if he wants to.

I was at Owenton on last County Court day and I was very much surprised. I told a brother minister, "I am very much surprised to-day." He answered, what at? I told him I was look-

ing for a drunken man and could not find one. He said, "wait till late this evening and you may see a few." I could not wait. There are a number of drug stores going up in this county. Four more new licenses issued on last court day. A friend told me the other day that the drug store at Hesler had a supply of drugs consisting of salts, a few boxes of pills, some castor oil and a little turpentine, and a good supply of whisky.

He did not say that it contained any sulphur, brimstone, or Phosphorus. I do not suppose they have thought, but are (if they do not repent of their wickedness), having a large supply put away for future use when they shall descend to that bottomless pit. I met several prominent prohibitionists in Owenton on court day. They were trying to meet in one of the Jury rooms not for the purpose of hearing testimony against some poor unfortunate, but to organize and put workers in the field. But they failed of their object, there not being many present. One present told me the party had met with some reverses and they wanted to show the people they were not discouraged. He further told me his precinct polled eleven prohibition votes but the News failed to give them.

No; we Prohibs are not discouraged. We are not built that way. We will arise with renewed energy and push our way to the front, ere the enemy is aware of it. With a Prohibition Supreme Bench and Bro. Moore handling the Blade and the Voice exposing the fraud, I see no reason why one should be discouraged.

Go on friend Moore, keep a cutting with your Blade like you have been and ere long old Kentucky will get behind the banner that bears the inscription: "God, Home and Native Land" and then we will shout for joy and "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow" and thank ye editors who have stood the storm, in order that fallen drunkards may be restored to those who love them and a nation saved from ruin.

Go on friend Moore, and may God grant you showers of blessings in the prayer of your friend, REV. M. F. BOYLE.

P. S. If this is worthy a place in your valuable paper put it in, if you want to, if not consign it to the waste basket, providing the basket does not object, as this is the first piece I ever wrote for any paper. I am a young man of 25 years and a Prohib for four years. M. F. B.

Likes It Better Than He Does the Voice.

Owenton, Ky., Jan., 3, 1891.

MR. CHAS. C. MOORE, Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find two checks signed Wm. Lindsay, for two dollars each, the one given in my name I transfer to you as payment for my subscription to the Blade one year. The other is for the payment of the Blade for Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay is one of the finest gentlemen in the county. A lawyer of some note, and at present is Chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

If Mr. Lindsay is asked to read the "Voice" or any other Prohibition paper, he does so with reluctance. But he reads the Blade and smiles at the manner in which you handle the Lexington City Council and Original Package Wm. C. P. B. Address the paper to Wm. Lindsay, Owenton, Owen County, Ky.

Yours Sincerely, G. M. Brooks.

It Made the Tears Come Into My Eyes.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan., 4, '91.

DEAR BRO. MOORE:—Enclosed find my check for \$2 to pay for one year's subscription to the Bluegrass Blade.

Please send me your book and I will remit by return mail. Forget the price you sell it at now. I will say as a practical newspaper man, and though I have the pick of more than 500 newspapers which I can read for nothing, that I think your paper is worth the price asked to any one who wishes to see the cause of humanity uplifted.

I say this, notwithstanding I am a Sam Jones Methodist and despise Bob Ingersoll for his many mean flings at the South and his advocacy of Free whisky. You therefore see I do not endorse all you say, but upon the one great question which we are agreed, I give you my hand and what help I can. I believe in men who think for themselves and I can tolerate a difference of opinion when I know it to be an honest difference.

I sometimes get disgusted with the church and many of our preachers, for its cowardice on this question, but such preachers as Jones, Small and Dr. Kelly are the ones I pin my faith to. I believe Sam Jones to be as Moody says of him, "God Almighty's Sledge Hammer" and cannot imagine what you have against him. He gives more money to the cause of Temperance and Charity than Talmage and Bob Ingersoll put together, and makes less than either one of them. If he says things uncouth, so did John the Baptist, and so does C. C. Moore. If you will bring Barnes back to this country and get him to do as much for the cause of Prohibition as either Jones, Small, or Dr. Kelly, is doing or have done, I will be one to give him five dollars a month to assist in his support, notwithstanding money is a comparatively scarce article with me.

Now Bro. Moore, I have been a Spiritualist and an infidel and have read every work on Theology I could get hold of from Bob Ingersoll to Swedenborg, and have, after honest search, become convinced of the great truths of Christianity. The only thing that bothers me now is the power and spirit to follow the light before me—to live up to the Ten Commandments and Christ's sermon on the Mount. I believe all who have the Christian spirit in their hearts no matter what they intellectually speaking believe, will be saved together in heaven, and hoping that you may finally come "into the knowledge and Glory of God as it Shines through the Face of Jesus Christ," I am yours for Prohibition forever, MOSES FOSTER.

Death of Emma Abbott.

That dear sweet little woman, Emma Abbott, died at Salt Lake, Jan. 5.

I am glad I wrote my send off about her about a month ago. She was one of the brightest women I ever talked to, and her own life as well as her famous reprimand of the minister at Nashville, is a just rebuke of the wholesale reflection made by some good, but mistaken people, on the women of the drama.

A week before we heard of her death we read of her singing, by request, at the bedside of a dying man in Chicago. Her last words were: "I am not afraid to die."

When she gets up among the angels, and she sings them that "Moon Song" with the flute accompaniment in "Mikado," they will have to hump themselves on their harps to give the little *deia* a pointer on music.

When I told you all, in talking about her in the Blade not long ago, about her setting me down in her trunk of Japanese velvet gowns in the green room, in a peck of diamonds, I knew you all would say I was yarning, but her estate is valued at 6000,000 of dollars and I could have hooked more diamonds than any woman in this town has, and she wouldn't have missed them. Sorry I didn't.

She was a grand little woman—Peace to her ashes.

Brutus J. Clay for the Good Cause.

Lexington, Ky. Dec. 31 1890.

MR. C. C. MOORE.

DEAR SIR:—Under the article headed "A Birthday Talk" in the Blue Grass Blade of Dec. 27, you confounded me with my cousin Cassius M. Clay Jr., of Bourbon county. He married a daughter of Hon. John D. Harris, while I married the only daughter of Col. Christopher J. Field.

The back numbers of your paper have been received, and have given me much enjoyment and information. I enclose two dollars subscription, which dates beginning with the back numbers.

I wish you much success in the brave battle which you are engaged in against the greatest evil of all ages, liquor.

You have my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your trial, and I have full confidence in your final triumph and prosperity.

I have the honor to be with great respect, BRUTUS J. CLAY.

Wants the Blade and The "Rational View."

ALTON, Ky., Jan., 5, 1890.

C. C. MOORE, Editor of Blade, Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will please find check for \$2.50 for the Blade and "Rational View." Have received every number and delight in reading it. Yours truly, J. W. GAINES.

A New and Scientific Theory About the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

A prominent physician of our city has handed me the subjoined new and novel theory about the death and resurrection, real or alleged, of Jesus.

A remarkable feature of this theory is that it does not occur in a work written either for or against religion, but in a medical periodical. It is the "Medical Record" of Nov. 15, 1890, edited by William Wood & Co., of New York.

The physician who gives me this extract says the "Record" is a periodical of the highest standing in his profession.

Like the Areopagites, that we read about in the New Testament, I am in favor of seeing and hearing anything new that anybody has to present.

I believe that an argument against any political or religious tenet that is certainly true, will do just as much to establish the truth of that tenet as an argument in its favor.

That it is possible that the alleged death and resurrection of Jesus may have occurred as here described, and all within the limits of a natural occurrence, I think will generally be admitted, and yet there is an air of improbability about it.

There is a feature in the case that Dr. Clark, the writer of the article, leaves out but that goes to strengthen the possibility of his theory. It is that Pilate's evident sympathy for Jesus and indisposition to kill him which led him to "wash his hands" of the responsibility of his death, may have induced him to connive at a quasi crucifixion unto death, in order to placate the Jews as a stroke of political policy, by making the Jews believe he had killed him, while as Pilate "found no fault in him," and was evidently being driven by the Jews to do what he did not want to do, he may have entered into a collusion with the disciples of Jesus to allow the fearful suffering that he must have endured on the cross, in order to deceive the Jews, or at least satisfy them, and still save Jesus alive.

It is in consonance with this idea that the body being taken down from the cross, after being suspended so short a time that it was surprising that he should be dead, should be given to Joseph of Arimathea who was one of the friends of Jesus, and being buried in a manner that would not induce suffocation, the story among the Jews would be that his disciples came and "stole him away by night."

And this theory seems to comport with the fact that his appearances after his resurrection were only in private to his disciples, and not before the multitudes who had crucified him, as we would naturally expect, had the resurrection been a genuine miraculous resuscitation from death.

Had the Jews who crucified him been convinced that he was dead, they would have been indifferent as to what was done with his body after death. Or if the leaders among them had felt any of the compassion for Jesus that his innocent and touching history would have awakened in almost any heart, however bigoted religiously, it seems quite plausible that they would have suppressed any doubt that they may have had of his actual death, in order to allow his final escape.

Of course, on the theory which we have given, the chances would be that the story of an eclipse and earthquake that are alleged to have occurred at the time of crucifixion, were added for dramatic effect, and without foundation in fact, rather than that they should have occurred fortuitously at that very time.

I believe it is wholesome and salutary, for all who want to influence the world with the teaching of this most wonderful and beautiful character, even though we consider him merely as a moral man—and certainly as much so for those who regard Him as divine—to read and consider every new suggestion made about Him, with the assurance that information only damages error and exalts truth.

The article with the headlines of the "Record" is given in this issue.

"Not Intended for Publication."

FLMINGSBURG, Ky., Dec. 30, '90

Charles Moore, Editor Blade.

Dear Sir:—I do not remember to have subscribed for your sharp Blade, but have received several copies, and I must confess I have felt conscience stricken that I have not contributed my part to assist you in your struggle against the whisky power. Having made known my feelings to two of my friends, they have likewise concluded to ease their pangs by sending you one dollar each. I have just been round notifying others how easily they can contribute to a good cause, and think you can reasonably expect other half soon. I have just

found another man so I increase the check one dollar more. I have no instruction or advice to give, go on with the good work. Do not think this last man is on your book.

Continue to send to T. S. Andrews, Marshall McCann, John P. Darnall. This one has not been receiving the paper.

Yours &c.,

WM. S. FANT.

P. S. Mind I do not intend this for publication. This is as you are aware a Prohibition county, and if any of your friends do not believe that Prohibition prohibits, send them down some Court day with a search warrant to hunt for drunken men. Not one where we had twenty before. Have not seen a drunken man since Christmas began. While I have not been able to get the following names to subscribe, think it advisable to send them a few copies of your paper. Think I will be able to send William Barksdale.

WM. S. F.

Brother Cobb's Gubernatorial Team.

[For The Blade.]

OWENTON, Ky., Dec. 23.

I am in favor of having an early State Convention and put two of our strongest men in the field for Governor and Lieut. Governor and let them do the organizing and electioneering at the same time. Let the candidates receive whatever means would otherwise be paid to some one else for organizing the State. I think by this plan we would be able (to use a common expression) to kill two birds with one stone, of course this will be altogether with the State Committee. I only offer it as a suggestion knowing that the candidates, whoever they may be, cannot afford to canvass the State at their own expense unless they are very sure of their election. How would Smith and Smith do?

A. COBB.

Dear Bro.—That depends on entirely who "Smith and Smith" are. The name sounds like a good yoke, and if it's Gen. Green Clay Smith under the saddle—or sheepskin—then my sentiments, as the old man said about the Lord's prayer. But as for this other Smith at the "off wheel," for Lieutenant Governor, it makes all the difference in the world which one of that very prolific family it is you mean.

There's a Smith for instance in Lexington that I do not think would be exactly the kind of a man for a Prohibition candidate, and then there's D. H. Smith, possibly candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Democrat ticket, and then our Bro. Smith, at Frankfort, who is all hunky and might make a good running mate for Gen. Green Clay Smith.

Do you mean John Smith or his brother Jack?

How They Paid Me For the "Rational View."

If there is any heaven—and I hope there is—there are people who will take a bee line for it just as soon as they are dead, and whether Jews, or Gentiles, or Rationalists, they will get there just the same, if they're honest.

You know I advertised that I would sell my book "The Rational View" at anything from \$1.50 to 50 cents though they are all alike.

Yesterday I had three orders for it in about an hour.

One was from J. N. Massie, of Winchester, sending me \$2.50 for the paper and my book.

Then Louis Adler, with a pedigree plumb back to old Father Abraham, stopped me on the street and said: "Here's \$2 for your paper and here's \$1.50 for your book, and if you will come down to my store, I will give you an advertisement."

Then Mrs. E. B. Wren, Christian and Prohibitionist said: "I saw what you said but I don't want your book for 50 cents," and she handed me a dollar for it.

Right in the middle of this notice that I am now writing, Jno. T. Miller, one of our leading business men of the city, came into my office, and said: "I saw what you said in the paper but here's \$1.50 for 'The Rational View.'"

Mr. Miller met me the other day and said: "I am glad to see you alive; all I've got to say is, give it to them."

All of these people are going to the same place when they die, and I want to go with them. I don't care where in the ——— it is.

A Fee to All Churches.

Father Martin Mahoney, a Catholic priest of Minnesota, says the following in a letter:

At every turn I am coming on priests—the very foremost among us, the men who will be bishops by and by—who declare themselves converted to Prohibition and going to vote the Prohibition ticket; for instance, the president of Archbishop Ireland's Theological seminary and college, the professor of theology there and pastors of some of the principal parishes of the archdiocese. They recognize that the Prohibition party is just the thing, the only thing, to bring to a full stop the drink evil, and they recognize this as the worst foe of the Catholic church.

A TRIP TO THE SOUTH.

A WEEK WITH WOMEN WORKING FOR GOD, HOME AND COUNTRY.

Pleasant Traveling—Welcomed by South—Prohibition in Dixie—Appeals for Organization—People We Met—Time Ripe for Advance Along the Whole Line.

We have been to the empire city of the south. The women of America besieged Atlanta and its people gracefully capitulated. Homes and churches were opened to the National W. C. T. U., and the whole south is the better for their presence and work.

To the "male men" who were there as visitors the experience was in many respects unique, in all ways a blessing.

From the hour we boarded the train at Jersey City we were in the company of white ribboned women, all speeding to the south. New England sent Neal Dow's daughter from Maine, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Cheney from Massachusetts, Mrs. Brown from Connecticut, Mrs. Martin from Little Rhody and many others.

New Jersey was represented by Mrs. Ellis, New York by Mrs. Prichard, Pennsylvania by Mrs. Amies, Maryland by Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. Robinson. Others of equal prominence were on board, and many more had gone on ahead or were to follow.

The southern people seemed to have been forewarned of the raid, and at every station the busy kodak was invoked to picture the black and the white types of southern life which smiled to the W. C. T. U. women a cordial greeting.

At one point in South Carolina the train stopped on a siding for some minutes, and a hundred women made an assault upon the white cotton field and despoiled it of its snowy beauty. The men folk, more tender of conscience, stood by in reproachful protest, which was only allayed when the smiling planter appeared to say he was a Prohibitionist and that we were welcome. Grinning negroes were bribed by a few pennies to sing their weird hymns, and thus with song and story the journey was finished, and it was not a fagged people that reached Atlanta at midnight.

The convention was an immense success. Welcomed by Governor Nathan with words of Christian greeting, by representatives of the city government and press in kindly terms, and by white ribboned southerners in sisterly love, it proceeded to business in a way that surprised the natives.

Miss Willard's address was a powerful appeal for a union of south and north in our peaceful war for a sober nation and a practical solution of the question. "How shall it be done?" The lesson of the hour was "Unite forces in the Prohibition party."

The legislature invited Mrs. Hunt to address it on the subject of "Scientific Temperance Instruction," and it is probable that a Georgia law will result therefrom.

The churches of the city opened their doors to our women on the Sabbath, and the prejudice against "wimmen in public" was greatly allayed.

The national prohibitionists were enthused, several meetings were arranged and Mother Stewart, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Hoffman, W. Jennings Demorest and Secretary John Lloyd Thomas addressed large audiences in the interest of the Prohibition party.

Many prohibitionists were present from southern states. Among them we saw Mr. Henry Ware, member of the national prohibition committee from Mississippi. He rejoices in the monthly organizing fund now being raised, and says: "It is the bright ray of sunlight through the clouds. Mississippi is ready, and we want you to help us organize at once."

Professor Scamp, of Oxford college, Ga., is an earnest advocate of prompt and energetic work and will ably aid in it.

Chairman Perkins and Messrs. Do Loach, Sessions, Woodward and others are planning for an active organizing campaign, and the new year will see the work well started.

C. D. Barker, the self sacrificing editor and publisher of The Southern Star, is valiantly standing by his guns, and as secretary of the new state committee will efficiently push the work.

All join in saying "The south has the Prohibition sentiment; what we need is organization. Help us for a little time, and then we will be in a position to help you."

After this visit to the south we are ready to believe the statement that "sentiment is ripe." Think of the governor of a great commonwealth welcoming the convention and tendering its members a reception at the executive mansion.

The Georgia legislature is considering a state anti-drainage act, which may pass and thus place the entire state under Prohibition.

Atlanta is making wonderful progress. Enthusiastic citizens took us out into the suburbs and pointed to streets opened, avenues laid out, rows of fine houses built and many more being built, and men who were not specially favorable to Prohibition told us that much of this growth was due to the two years of Prohibition under which Atlanta was blessed, and of which she was deprived by northern Democratic pressure and southern Republican votes.

These are object lessons, however, and the south will soon fall into line for national Prohibition. To this end the National W. C. T. U. convention just ended will greatly contribute, and we are glad we took this trip to the south.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

A TEMPORARY SPLIT.

This Husband Should Vote the Same Ticket as His Wife.

The following extract from a letter from one of the southern state presidents of the W. C. T. U. goes to prove that holding of different political opinions by husband and wife does not, as some would have us believe, make havoc of the home:

We have a funny thing going on in this family just now. My husband is candidate for congress on the Republican ticket, and I am out for the Prohibition party. The sweetest accord prevails along all other lines and we have a pile of fun over the contest. He offered to divide time with me in all his speeches. Of course there is no chance of his being elected, although his friends are getting more hopeful. If there was he would vote right on all moral questions, even woman suffrage.

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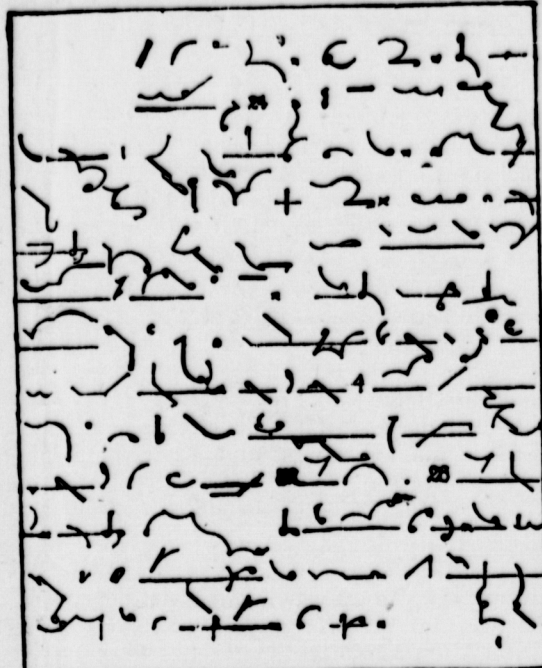
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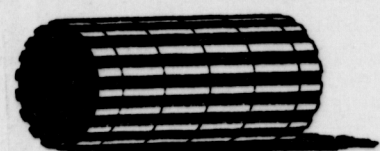
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51 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.



Beatty Fence.

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord, 1890.

CHARLES C. MOORE,

Prohibitionist and Crank

JOHN T. MILLER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

Belting, Packing, Lace Leather,

CUTLERY, GRATES, &c.,

22 WEST MAIN STREET,

LEXINGTON, - KENTUCKY.

NEW FALL GOODS!

CASSELL & PRICE,

Are Head Quarters for Everything New and Stylish in the Dry Goods and Notion Line.

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS,

NEW STYLE CLOAKS,

Underwear and Hosiery, Blankets, etc.

All of which can be had at the very lowest prices, as they never allow any one to undersell them.

LOCATION, 16 & 18 WEST MAIN STREET.

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CHINN, ROSS & TODD

ARE RECEIVING DAILY,

All the New and Nobby Styles

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SHOES!

A FEW SPECIALTIES:

OUR CELEBRATED ENGLISH CRAIN WALKENPHAST \$2.00, \$2.50, wear like iron, keep the feet perfectly dry.

OUR KANGAROO, CALF AND HEAVY CALF SHOES are calf lined, have extra Tap Soles, \$4 00, make elegant shoes for heavy wear.

Our stock of Mens' Shoes is complete from the highest to the heaviest.

COME AND SEE OUR ASSORTMENT AND PRICES.

S. BASSETT & SONS,

30 EAST MAIN STREET

The Cheapest place in the City to Purchase

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,

Pens, Paper and Stationery of All Kinds,

—IS AT—

EDGAR'S PHARMACY,

70 AND 72 EAST MAIN STREET

All Electric Cars Pass the Door.

T. G. CAVERT,

23 EAST MAIN.

Has received the largest and most Complete Stock ever brought to Lexington,

WATCHES, - DIAMONDS,

Solid Silver Plated Ware, French & American Clocks, Bronzes & Fancy Goods,

Sole Agent for the celebrated Agasiz Timing Watch, Diamond setting a specialty. Fine Timing Watches repaired and warranted.

FINE TAILORING

FALL 1890

We have just opened and are now displaying the handsomest line of Foreign Piece Goods we have ever shown.

We have greatly increased our facilities for fine work, and can show you as handsome and stylish garments as any made in this country.

Look through our stock and place your orders early before the fall rush comes.

All work turned out promptly.

Wilson, Hunt and Co,

WHITE HALL.

BAKER & BROS.,

No. 12 NORTH LINES ONE ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done, and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAIZER CELEBRATED CARS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

BAKER and BRO.

DIVORCED.

Prosthetic dentistry, separated from operative dentistry.

They do not belong to each other and should not "keep company."

A Prosthetic Dentist is one who gives his whole time to artificial teeth, leaving the filling to be done by operative dentists.

I take all impressions, and do all work, myself, thus avoiding all risk. My charges will be as light as I can afford to make them. Mouths differ more than do faces—no two being alike, therefore, no fixed price can be given, (until after an examination).

Teeth made on any material which patients may prefer. I did all the plate-work, for the late Dr. S. Driggs, during a period of twelve years. I did all of Dr. R. J. Porre's work, whilst he was in Lexington, and have made thousands of sets of teeth, for other dentists.

Confining myself, exclusively, to the prosthetic branch of dentistry, I will, of course, do superior work.

Cleansing, extracting, and straightening teeth, are included in my specialty. No charge for "misfits". Office and laboratory in Johns Building, directly over Mrs. Semon's "Manicure Parlors". Entrance on Walnut Street, opposite Government Building.

F. B. BOSWORTH.